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Northern Messenger

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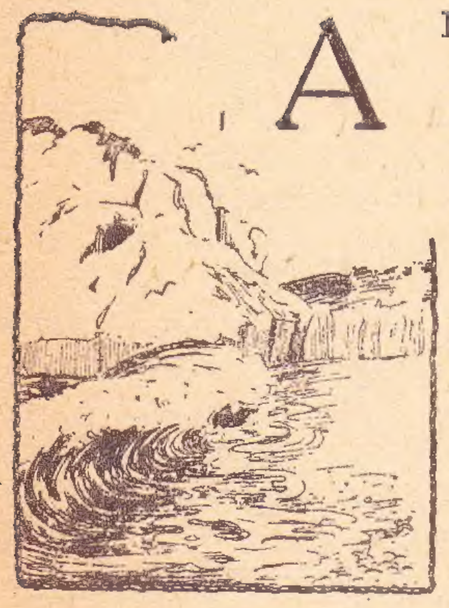
THE SUBMARINE



ALL day the bay had been alive with herring fry, every moment in one direction or another there would be a hurry-scurry in the water and a cloud of little silver fish would jump above the surface to escape the pike which swim with the school and devour the tender morsels.

The sea gulls were also having the time of their lives. They circled above the water with their easy but rapid motion, every now and then darting downward with a wild scream, and then planing upward, each with a little fish in his strong beak.

And now the mackerel had come. The blue sea took on a bluer tinge when the shoals approached the surface. There were a dozen boats out after them, some with red lug and mizzen sails set, others with oars out. Up and down they rowed and sailed and the boys and girls on board were having great sport.

There would be appetizing suppers in the cottages that night and enough fish would be left over to salt down and help many a family through the approaching winter.

Now meet Angus MacLean. Angus stands six feet and is broad in proportion. A shock of auburn hair, a freckled, good-humored countenance, two merry blue eyes, a frame of steel and a heart of gold,—there you have Angus MacLean, our Sea Scout Mate.

Written for the Messenger.

By "Yarn Spinner"

As Angus and I ran our boat down the shingle Mr. Macdonald—"the new Mr. Macdonald"—came down the beach from the road above. A very pleasant and genial gentleman was "the new Mr. Macdonald", a liberal subscriber to everything from church funds to picnics, from hospitals to regattas. We called him "the new Mr. Macdonald" to distinguish him from the dozen other Macdonalds in the island.

About six months before, he had come among us and taken the old "castle" on Macdonald's Head. It was not really a "castle", being in fact little more than a tower. It had belonged to the Macdonalds in the old times, but had been deserted and had fallen partly into ruin.

The story went that Donald Macdonald, the last chief, had been "out in the '45", had accompanied Prince Charles Edward in his wanderings, that after the escape of the Prince he had repaired to his tower, but when the redcoats had raided it he was nowhere to be found.

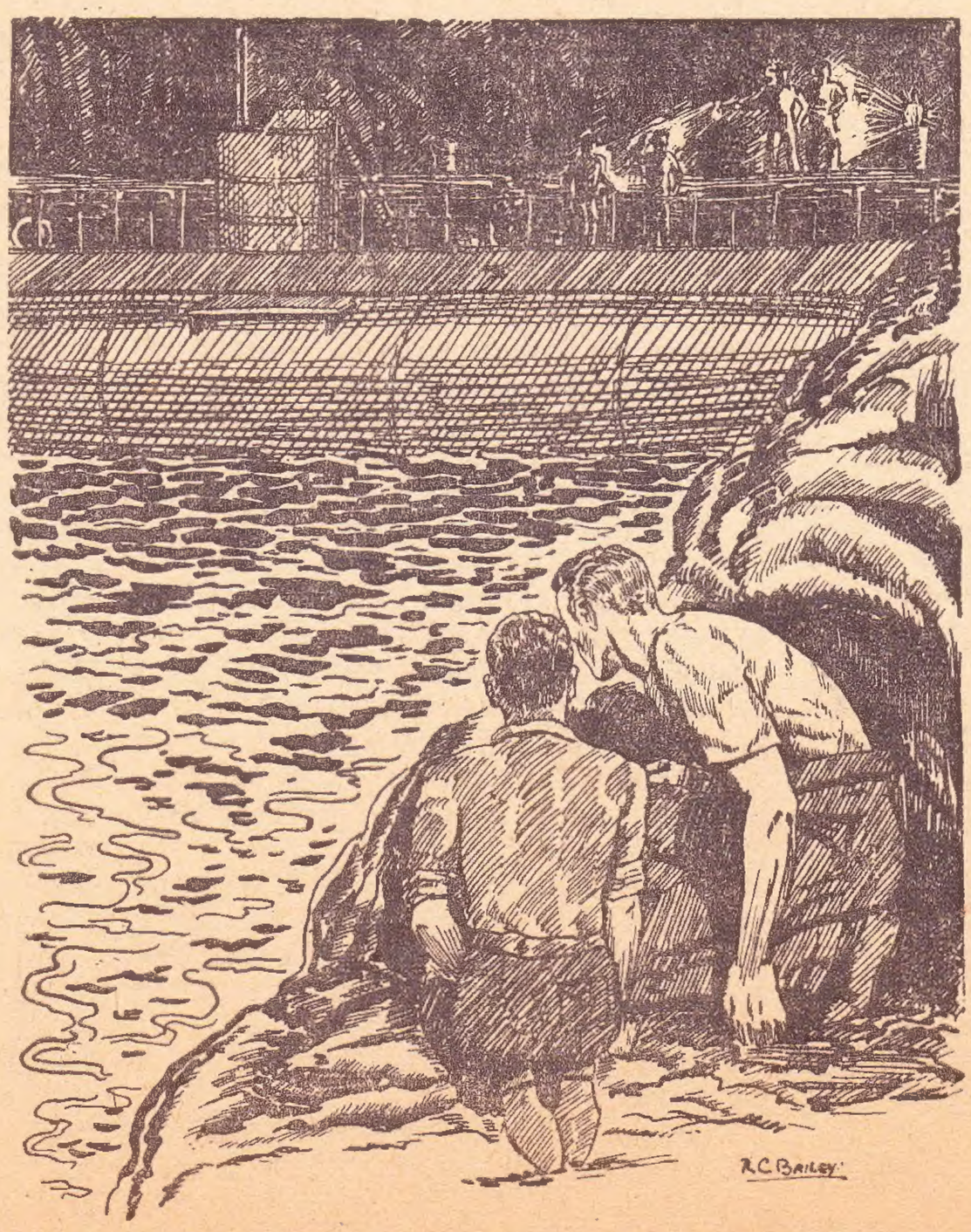
The "new Mr. Macdonald" told us that the chief had escaped to France and afterwards to America where he and his descendants had made money sufficient to enable him, the latest "Donald," to return to the home of his forefathers.

"The new Mr. Macdonald" was a handsome man, but at times there was a glint in his grey eye that I did not quite like. He told us that he had served several years in the United States Navy.

Certainly he was a "loyal" Scotsman. I have never seen such an excellent private collection of claymores, dirks and targets of "tough bull hide" as that which decorated his dining room. He was a thorough Jacobite as far as old times were concerned, but was an intensely loyal subject of the present Royal family who, he considered, were the true heirs of the Stuarts.

I forgot to say that he talked beautiful English, with a slight,—a very slight —accent. It was not "Yankee." I put it down, I don't know why, as "Pennsylvania." I don't know how his henchman Duncan talked, for no one ever got more out of that surly red-haired giant than a grunt.

Well, Angus and I got the



We made out the long whale-like mass of a submarine!

boat out. A few strokes of our oars and we were clear from the little harbor. Then it was "up sail" and we scudded out toward the centre of the bay, where the mackerel seemed to be thickest.

We were at the world's end, in the Western Hebrides. Less than three thousand miles of sea lay between us and the Canadian coast, sea unbroken save for a cluster of rocks and islands that lay off towards the north-western horizon. Behind us the heather-clad hills of the Islands, beyond us the sparkling sea, in all its Atlantic splendor, all round us the tingling air of a perfect September day.

Away toward the horizon hung a black cloud or two. We could see the squalls there treading a merry dance, the sea whipped up at their feet into a ruffle of foam.

But that only added to the beauty of the scene. Where everything was so peaceful one would never have dreamed that the wireless had told us the night before of the possibility of war. Fishermen had reported the previous day that they thought they had seen a periscope emerging from the water some fifty miles away.

But we knew that that smoke in the distance meant that one of His Majesty's destroyers was on her job. We knew that the coastguards were on their job also. The Station in the Bay had taken on quite an Active Service aspect and the patrols day and night were even more than usually alert.

Anyway, who would or could think about a war when there was such fishing?

We soon were in the middle of the shoal and had no less than half a dozen lines out. The fish were greedy that day. Hardly a moment passed that there was not a tug and flutter on one or other of our lines, to be followed by a smart struggle as we hauled our fish to the surface, and then a wild scurry in the bottom of the boat.

So intent were we on our fishing that the squall was upon us before we saw it. A sudden blackness, a sudden blow, and had not Angus with a twist of his helm brought us up into the wind we would have been over.

As it was our lee gunwale for a few seconds was under water and we shipped more than we wanted. Then while I with the oars kept her head to wind, Angus got down the sail.

We certainly had lots to think about, for rain had come with the wind and beat upon us with the stinging force of hail. Angus took an oar, and between us we kept the boat's head to wind.

But there was no making headway against the squall or even of holding our own against it. We were being driven stern first across toward the southern arm of the bay, "Macdonald's Head".

Twenty minutes later we were under the cliffs that fell a hundred feet sheer into the water. We tugged at our oars for all we were worth. We might have held our own for the squall was slackening, but my oar struck a submerged rock and was wrenched out of my hands.

Over I went in the bottom of the boat. We came broadside on to the sea. A great wave engulfed us. We were turned over and over and our stout little boat was ground to pieces against the foot of the cliff.

At first I was unable to get clear of the wreck of the boat but the next moment I felt a strong arm pulling me clear.

Down we went. We were both uninjured and were good swimmers, so as we came toward the surface my panic left me. I don't think Angus was panicky at all. Nothing ever upsets him.

It was some time after our heads emerged above water before I got my bearings. To my surprise we were in a sort of rocky tunnel or narrow cave. It was almost dark. We had come in through an under-water entrance.

The water was smooth and running inward with the tide. Angus and I spared our strength and went with the stream. Soon the cave opened out. We found a ledge of rocks at the side and clambered up on them.

Almost at the same moment we saw a light and heard voices. I was going to call out but Angus put his hand over my mouth. I realized at once why he had done so, because the voices were neither Gaelic nor English, but German.

Our eyes by this were beginning to get accustomed to the darkness. Besides there were lights moving round, a lantern we judged, and an electric torch.

Soon we made out the long, whale-like mass of a submarine. She lay alongside a sort of wharf. There were men on her deck and two men on the wharf. As the light moved it flashed—first on the rough features of the man "Duncan" and then upon the countenance of the "new Mr. Macdonald."

Angus and I crept a little nearer. I knew a little German and was anxious to hear the conversation. My eagerness almost undid us as my foot slipped on the sea-weed and splashed into a pool. At once the voices ceased. Then we heard "Macdonald's" voice in German, "It's only a fish! The mackerel are in the bay."

We drew back and Angus grasped my wrist. He tapped it with his forefinger. I knew that he was giving me a message in Morse. "I am going for a swim! You stay here!"

I knew what he meant. He was going for "reinforcements."

I signalled back, "Are you sure you can do it?" He answered, "I'll have to!"

With this farewell, he slipped into the water like a seal and was away.

I hope I shall never have to spend such a long afternoon again as I spent in that cave. For one thing it was cold. I slipped off my clammy wet garments and it wasn't quite so bad. Once or twice, however, I just managed to choke off a sneeze that would certainly have given me away.

I heard "Macdonald" and the U-boat commander laughing and saying something about "Tomorrow night." I remembered then that R.M.S. —— was due for Glasgow on that date.

After a while I saw the U-boat crew landing and, headed by their commander with "Macdonald" and "Duncan" move off from the wharf. Judging from their clattering footsteps, they were ascending a stairway in the rock. Feeling a very forlorn object indeed I sat on my rock and waited.

* * *

I heard of Angus's adventures afterwards. He swam the passage and dived through the under-water "gate-way" into the open air. He took careful note of the face of the cliff so that he would recognize the exact spot again.

A few minutes' swim brought him to the beach. Crawling among the rocks he got out of sight of "Macdonald's Tower" and reaching the road made all speed for the Coast Guard Station.

When he came to the little harbor he saw a boat from the destroyer there, the blue-jackets—who were armed—were chatting with the fisher folk who had come down to the pier.

Going up to the station and demanding to see Officer McClintock, he was told that he was engaged, but on telling the man that his business was of importance, he was ushered into McClintock's office.

He found him closeted with a tall, blue-eyed man in naval uniform, whom he supposed to be commander of the destroyer.

Angus told his story and both Officer McClintock and the stranger opened their eyes.

"Do you hear this, Mr. Macdonald? asked McClintock.

It was now Angus's turn to open his eyes.

"Yes," said McClintock to Angus. "This is the real 'new Mr. Macdonald,' Commander of H.M.S. ———."

"Like a good Scotsman," grinned Macdonald to Angus, "I'm killing two birds with one stone. I'm investigating these submarine rumors and at the same time I'm exploring the home of my ancestors."

While he was speaking McClintock touched an electric button. A coastguardsman came in and saluted and McClintock gave him an order.

Macdonald continued as if to himself "—I see someone has been masquerading under my name. I thought that only one man besides myself knew of

(Please Turn to Page 16.)

The Player From Elmdale

by GORDON PHILIP ENGLAND

READERS HAVE MET

GEORGE WARREN, "the player from Elmdale" now champion goalie of the Silver Lake "Beavers".
TOM EVANS, captain of the "Beavers", **ALEX CATTLEY**, and **HIRAM WOODARD**, players on the team.
DORIS CARTER, attractive Elmdale girl, and **DICK**, her brother, friends of George.
ROSE WHITE, lively independent sixteen-year-old who resents George's good advice and insists on seeing "the **PARKMAN GIRLS**"—and following their not-so-good leadership. George is rather worried.

"THE Parkman girls are all right," she answered hotly. "And I'll thank you to keep out of my affairs, George, after this. I didn't suppose you were such a prig. I get tired of being preached at. And I get lectures enough at home, without needing any from you."

"Well," George told himself ruefully, "that probably means the end of my friendship with Rose. If she had been a different sort of a girl—like Doris Carter—she wouldn't have taken it like that. But then, Doris would never have gotten mixed up with such a crowd in the first place. She'd be too sensible for that."

The thought of Doris turned George's mind away from Rose. Doris! Now, *there* was a real girl. An all-'round good sport, fond of clean fun, thoughtful of others, dainty and wholesome. Clever and witty, too, yet she never used her cleverness nor wit to hurt people. Doris had the makings of an exceptionally fine woman — and George was proud of her friendship.

"I'm glad that Doris isn't altogether forgetting me," he thought, "even though I have come over here to live. It was nice of her to invite me to her birthday party. I only wish it had been on some other night, though, as I hated to turn down Tom and the others. But they are good fellows and will understand."

George skated on past the island, then, putting on speed, flashed on up the lake in the direction of the hatchery. The remainder of his skate was uneventful, and he reached home without meeting anyone else. The house was in darkness, but the door had been left unlocked for him.

As he passed the door of his parents' room, his mother called him in. Both she and his father wanted to hear about the game. Then his twelve year old sister, Marjorie, who had been kept away from the match by a hard cold, came running in, in pajamas and slippers, and he had to repeat his story of the evening's happenings expressly for her.

In bed at last, with his light out, George told himself that he was very lucky to have a family like that—one that took a real interest in what he did. Yes, and to have friends like the Carters and Tom and the other fellows. Altogether, it seemed a prety good old world.

George slept like a log, but was up at six and went down to feed the fish at the hatchery. Since coming to Silver Lake he had received a Government appointment as his father's assistant and spent hours each day at the hatchery work. Most of the fish in the troughs were lake trout—wee ones which had come from out of the eggs only a few weeks before.

After feeding the fish, George went back to the house and found his mother getting breakfast.

Breakfast over, he returned to his work in the hatchery.

About the middle of the forenoon, while he was busy cleaning out one of the fish troughs, the door opened and Tom and Alex appeared. George greeted them in pleased surprise.

"Well, where did you two drop from?" he exclaimed. "But, never mind, as long as you are here. It's good to see you."

Then, as he noticed their evident embarrassment, he realized that something was wrong.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, glancing from one to the other. "What's on your minds?"

"Plenty!" snapped Alex. "I—" But Tom stopped him.

"Hold on, Alex, you agreed to let me handle this," he reminded, then he turned back to George.

"Look here, Granite Wall," he began quietly, "after you left last night something very unpleasant took place. Alex made a very ugly charge against st you. He says you're a traitor!"

George could hardly believe his ears. A slow, deep flush spread over his face.

"I'd think you were joking, Tom," he said soberly, "only I can see you're dead-serious. . . . Suppose you explain."

"I'll try to," replied Tom unhappily. "Well, it was like this." He gave a short account of what had happened.

George listened quietly. Then, when the team manager had finished, he looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Is that all, Tom?" he asked quietly, still watching him intently. Tom nodded.

"And enough, too, I'd say!" declared Alex truculently. "What have you to say for yourself?"

George ignored him. He spoke again to Tom.

"Before I answer Alex's charge," he said, "I want to know something, Tom. Do **you** believe I'm a traitor?"

For a moment longer Tom's honest brown eyes probed George's clear, steel-blue ones, then the manager shook his head.

"No, I don't!" he exclaimed. "There's some stupid mistake. I'm sure there is!"

George's face cleared. He smiled happily.

"Thank you, Tom." he replied gratefully. "I'm awfully glad you said that. If you hadn't, I'd have felt like turning in my uniform."

"You may have to do that, anyhow," asserted Alex belligerently. "You know you told Dick Carter that you hoped Elmdale would win. I heard you say it. You can't deny that!"

George suddenly grinned.

"I'm not trying to deny it," he answered—"only when you want to quote me again, Alex, it might save trouble if you'd repeat all that I said—not just part of a sentence."

Alex looked startled.

"Part of a sentence?" he echoed. "What do you mean?"

There was a twinkle in George's eye. He rejoiced turning the tables upon his accuser.

"I mean that you jumped to conclusions," he answered. "I had just told Dick that we meant to prove ourselves the best team and to win the championship. And then I did add that if we didn't manage to take the cup ourselves that I hoped Elmdale would win it again."

George looked at Tom, whose face was a picture of relief.

"Of course," he added quietly, "I want our team to win—and I believe we can. On the other hand, as an old Elmdale player, with many friends on that team, I'd prefer to see the Tigers win than to have Mountain Lake. But—get this straight—I also told Dick that when the two teams meet next week I'll be out there playing for all I'm worth—for Silver Lake!"

Tom sprang forward and clapped him on the back.

"I'm sure you will!" he exclaimed. "Good old Granite Wall! Alex," he glanced sternly at the boy who had accused George, "I guess you owe George an apology."

Alex's face was beet-red. He swallowed a lump in his throat.

"Somebody kick me," he begged. "I can see I've been a donkey. Say,

George, old fellow, I do owe you an apology and I'm making it right now. I've no excuse—except that I'm for the team all the time so it made me see red when I thought it was being let down. But, I ought to have known that you'd never be a traitor, Granite Wall. Can you ever forgive me?"

George's eyes held no resentment. He smiled broadly.

"Forget it, Alex," he replied. "It was just a misunderstanding—a natural one. After all, it's my first season on the team, and none of you have known me very long—except as an Elmdale player. Of course, I never dreamt of anything like this hapening and it's not exactly pleasant to have had my loyalty doubted—even for a few hours. But from now on I hope you'll understand me better. Shake!"

Eagerly, Alex's hand went out to meet George's outstretched one. Tom watched with satisfaction.

"Good old Granite Wall!" he repeated. "Yes, from now on we'll pull together. And, take it from me, fellows, we're going places!"

Soon afterwards, Tom and Alex left, to report to the rest of the squad. George stood watching for a few moments, as they skated away down the lake, then he returned to his work.

He worked hard that week, so that everything would be in good shape at the hatchery while he was away on his visit.

Elmdale was thirty miles away. As there were good railroad connections, George decided to go by train. An old logging road through the woods behind the hatchery formed a shortcut out to a small flag-station a mile and a half away.

On Friday afternoon, when George was almost ready to start for the station, a Government inspector of hatcheries drove in. As Mr. Warren had gone to Silver Lake on business and would not be back for a while George felt obliged to wait and give the inspector necessary information himself. Fortunately, his father soon returned, but, even so, time was growing short. George knew that he must hurry or he would miss his train.

With a small overnight bag as his only luggage, he raced along the logging road towards the station.

Once, as he ran on, George glanced at his wrist watch, then he rushed on faster then ever. If he made it, it would be nip-and-tuck.

All at once, shrill and penetrating, came an ominous sound. The blast of the train whistle!

The sound of the whistle sent an electric shock through George Warren. It was the last train that day for Elmdale, and as the hatchery car would be in use later that afternoon, he might find it hard to reach the Carters in time for the party if he missed that train.

But, judging by the sound, the train was still some distance from the station. It was likely, however, that it would pass before he could reach there and flag it.

All the time that these thoughts were racing through his mind, George was running at top speed. He emerged from the woods, ran across an open field, vaulted a low rail fence, and dashed on towards the station. While he was still a hundred yards away, the train came puffing around a curve down the line. It was moving fast and would surely reach the station ahead of him.

Luckily for George, the conductor was on the outlook for possible passengers and caught sight of the running goalkeeper. Fortunately, too, he was an accomodating conductor and well acquainted with George, who had made several trips before on that line, so he signaled his engineer to stop the train. He grinned as George, breathless, scrambled aboard.

"You came within one of missing her," he said. "Next time, young fellow you had better start earlier. If I hadn't been on the watch you'd have been out of luck."

In the train George found two young men whom he knew, and as both were going to destinations past Elmdale he had company all the way. The time passed pleasantly, and at Elmdale station he found Doris herself awaiting him in her blue roadster.

"Dick had to turn out for practice with the rest of the team," she explained, "so I came down alone. He'll be back for the party, though."

Secretly, George considered Dick's absence a bit of luck. It was good to have Doris to himself for a while, for at the party he would be unable to monopolize her. She drove him up to the house, and after a few minutes' chat with her parents the two young people went into the sitting room. As they had not seen each other for several months, they had much to talk about, and the remainder of the afternoon passed swiftly. Before the other guests arrived, George presented his own birthday gift—a blue crepe-de-chine scarf, with which the pretty recipient was delighted. George had purchased it some time ago, before knowing there was to be a party, and had intended to send the gift by mail. But it was much more satisfactory to be able to deliver it in person.

Dick returned from the hockey practice, and while Doris prepared to receive her guests the two players good naturedly argued about the merits of their respective squads. George did not mention the result of his conversation with Dick after the Silver Lake-Mountain Lake match, for he knew that his team mates were sincerely sorry for what had happened and he did not wish to embarrass them by making the affair more public.

A select crowd of twenty-five young people was at the party. Doris, easily the most popular girl in Elmdale, received many valuable gifts, but George noted with satisfaction that none seemed to overshadow his own little present in her estimation. In fact, after the party was over and the last of the other guests had said good night, she carried the blue scarf away to her room, leaving the other gifts where they lay on a table.

The next forenoon, when George prepared to take his leave, there at once arose a storm of protest. Doris and the others insisted that he remain for the week-end. George, however, remained firm.

"I've had a grand time," he told then— "and it's been great to have seen you all again. I'd love to stay longer, but I can't. They'll be needing me at the hatchery, and besides, I promised to get back for practice today. The fellows are counting on me, and I mustn't fail them."

Doris was disappointed, but, unlike many girls, she did not try to tease George into remaining. For she knew he had given his word, and to Doris a promise was sacred.

"Very well, then," she said cheerfully, "if you must go, why, you must, George. But it won't be long before summer, and with the hockey season over you'll be able to give us more time, I hope."

She drove George down to his train. He secured a seat facing the platform and waved to her through the window as the train pulled out, pleased with the knowledge that she had promised to come out to the hockey match next week.

The return trip proved a routine one and George found everything in satisfactory condition at the hatchery. He worked hard that afternoon, then after supper skated down to join in the team practice. As he entered the rink the other players broke into cheers. They crowded around, shaking his hand and trying to show him how sorry they were for the unpleasant misunderstanding.

George held no grudge—even against Alex. "They are fine, loyal fellows," he thought proudly, "and I'm glad I'm playing with them. I'm a Silver Lake man now. And, from now on, I think the team will trust me."

There seemed no doubt of that. Never had the squad displayed better teamwork. The practice went through without a hitch.

In the dressing-room, Tom beamed upon his squad.

"Now, that's what I call hockey!" he approved. "If our team can play like that in the Elmdale game next week, the cup should be ours."

(To Be Continued.)

Billy's Valentine

By A. M. Biddle-Dell

For the Messenger.

"WHO cares about an old clock, anyway?" grumbled nine-year-old Billy Clayton. "Folks only use them as an excuse to say, 'Time to get up.' 'Time to go to school.' 'Time to go to bed.' "

"What's your quarrel with clocks this fine Saturday morning, Billy?" asked Ben Holt, the old gardener.

"I've got fifty words homework to write about one of the crazy old things. Easy enough for Eric Nolan. He's been to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and seen the clock Moses told the time by."

"Do you mean Moses in the Bible, Billy?"

"Yes. His clock was something like our sundial. Teacher stood his pointer in the sun, and showed us how the shadow told the time. More than three thousand years ago this great pointer in the Museum stood in front of a temple in Egypt, in the city where Moses went to school."

"How did Moses manage when the sun didn't shine?" Ben asked.

"Maybe he had a cat," said Billy. "Teacher said lots of folks in Egypt told time by their cat's eyes. We saw the janitor's cat's eyes were all yellow, but for a thin dark line in each. Light hurts Tommy's eyes, so he draws those yellow curtains together till only that thin line of eye is showing by noon. Then by evening those curtains have opened, and you can see his big round eyes."

"Maybe you better write about Susie," laughed Ben.

"No, thank you! No silly old cat for me!" Billy said scornfully. "Look! There is Susie on the fence. She wants a snowball."

"Leave your sister's cat alone," Ben ordered. "Drop that snowball, and maybe I will show you a brass plate inside the Church clock. I've often wondered what it says. My poor old eyes can't read it."

It was a long steep climb to the clock-tower. Even Billy was glad to rest on the way.

"Do wind the clock, Ben, will you?" he coaxed.

"No!" the old man panted. "I've wound that clock at 1.30 every Monday for forty years, and I wouldn't change the time even if Christmas day came on a Monday."

They climbed on, higher and higher, till they reached a heavy wooden door.

As Ben opened this door, Billy drew back half afraid. The clock's voice was so loud and solemn. But fear changed to wonder as he watched the wheels weaving in and out, like children in a Maypole dance.

They could scarcely hear each other speak, but Ben pointed to the brass plate.

MADE IN FRANCE 1732
By Joseph Sorel.

Billy copied this carefully, then Ben hurried him away.

"Do stay a while longer," Billy begged. "I could watch these wheels all day."

"Maybe," Ben answered, "but I have the Church paths to sweep. Run along. Don't wait for me. I must go carefully down these stairs."

THE next day, Sunday, was Lincoln's birthday, but the school holiday was on Monday. In the morning Billy had been on some secret errand of his own. And in the afternoon he was going to Eric Nolan's skating party. But he was unhappy. His secret errand had cost him his Saturday nickel, while his sister Carol was enjoying peppermints.

"Carol, I have a secret to sell," he said. "The price is four peppermints. Will you trade?"

"Yes, Billy, if it is a real secret."

"I'll say it is! Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day—"

"I know. Baby Lawrence will be my Valentine. I have made him a rag cat with—"

"Cats! Cats! Cats!" Billy said scornfully. "Listen! I have bought a real Valentine for Miss Elsie, our sports teacher. It has a pink envelope. Look!"

"Oh, Billy! How beautiful!"

"I don't expect you know, Carol, that to make a lady really your Valentine, she must be the first person you see or speak to on St. Valentine's morning. If I act dumb tomorrow, you must help me out. I will explain to mother tonight. And I will walk to school with you in the morning."

"If I help you, Billy, will you quit teasing Susie?"

"I don't hurt your silly old Susie. Anyway, she is not yours. She is only a beggar cat."

"But I love her."

"Then will you feed my rabbits after lunch? I want to get away early. I am going to look around by myself before the skating."

"Don't be late home for supper. Mother has made a mince pie."

"Oh, boy! I'll be home before six."

But six o'clock came, and no Billy appeared. Only Ben came in with a pair of Billy's shoes he had mended.

"On the way home, Ben," said Mrs. Clayton, "will you take Billy his overcoat? He is at Dr. Nolan's, and has only his sweater with him."

* * *

BABY LAWRENCE was in bed, and Carol was helping with the dishes, when Ben came back, bursting into the kitchen without knocking.

"Billy is not at the doctor's," he panted. "He hasn't been there all afternoon. The boys did not go skating, because the ice is not safe. Did Billy go to the pond alone?"

Seven o'clock came, even eight o'clock, but still no news.

Ben hurried from place to place, seeking everywhere, while Mrs. Clayton sat at the telephone, calling Billy's school-mates. But no one had seen the missing boy since morning.

At nine o'clock Ben came in once more, but still he brought no news. Instead, he brought a policeman with him.

"Do you think my boy can have fallen through the ice?" Billy's mother asked. "He told his sister he wanted to look around by himself before the skating party."

"No, ma'am," said the policeman, "there is no break in the ice. We've turned a flood-light on it, and looked the pond over. A friend probably picked Billy up for a ride. Maybe they ran into a snow drift, and have a long walk home."

"Perhaps he is hurt, and cannot walk."

"Don't you worry, ma'am. We will soon find him. Let me know just what he was wearing, and in a few minutes we will have everybody's radio telling folks to be on the lookout for him."

It seemed such a serious business describing Billy and his clothes. The policeman wrote it all down. Carol wondered how he dared to spin his pencil on the kitchen table.

Mrs. Clayton tried to telephone Billy's father, who was away on business, but she could not locate him.

At last morning came, but still no news. No one but Baby Lawrence thought about breakfast. Even Susie did not come for her milk.

* * *

BLINDED with tears, Mrs. Clayton reached for Baby's cup, and by accident knocked Billy's school books off the shelf. His homework fell out

(Please Turn to Page 11.)

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

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A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is *free to serve* all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

FEBRUARY 9, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : My House shall be called a house of Prayer.—Isa. 56:7.

Mon. : We will give ourselves continually to prayer.—Acts 6:4.

Tue. : Prayer was made without ceasing to God.—Acts 12:5

Wed. : Confess your faults and pray for one another.—Jas. 5:16

Thu. : I will pray with the Spirit.—I Cor. 14:15

Fri. : I pray to God that ye do no evil. —2 Cor. 13:7

Sat. : Jesus fell on His face and prayed. —Matt. 26:39

Love never knows or thinks how much it gives, nor what it costs.

The human voice is the organ of the soul.—Longfellow.

Women's Day of Prayer

The Women's World Day of Prayer will be held on Friday, February 9th, 1940, the world theme being "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. — Acts 2:1-4.

"The Helpful One"

The Maker of all creatures and things, "by whom all creatures live, and all things consist" is essentially and forever the Helpful One, or, in softer Saxon the "Holy" One.

The word has no other ultimate meaning: . . . The idea is clear and mighty in the cherubim's cry: "Helpful, helpful, helpful, Lord, God of Hosts." . . .

The highest and first law of the universe . . . is therefore "help." — John Ruskin.

Meditation

I must not add to the world's stock of fear, but help to overcome it. I must be full of faith and hope and not use the expression "I'm afraid." Root out fear and surrender it to God; plant faith and courage.

God has no fear, He has faith even in us.

"Be strong and of a good courage" and others will be strengthened, too.

Father, make us brave and true and positive. May we keep our eyes on Thee and what Thou art accomplishing instead of on the difficulties and discouragements around us, Bravely, courageously and triumphantly we pray "Thy will be done in us and in all the world."

The Poor Man

He never found a place of prayer
And poured his soul out at the throne;
He never held communion there,
But walked his weary way alone.
He never spent a happy hour
With Truth's clear word that stands so sure;
He never felt its inward power.
Ah, he was miserably poor.

He never learned the sense of peace
That comes of duty bravely done;
He never felt life's strivings cease
With some white summit newly won;
He never knew the ecstasy
Of teaching some one the allure
Of life unfettered, strong and free.
Ah, he was miserably poor.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn in The Challenge.

I CANNOT look around me without being struck with the analogy observable in the works of God. I find the Bible written in the style of His other books of Creation and Providence. The pen seems in the same hand. I see it, indeed, write at times mysteriously in each of these books: thus I know that mystery in the works of God is only another name for my ignorance. The moment, therefore, that I become humble, all becomes right.—Richard Cecil.

Triumph of Life

EVERY living thing encounters some kind of opposition, and continues to live only as it deals with that opposition successfully.

If growth and development are to be accomplished in addition to the mere maintenance of life the contest must be more intense and also the more unremitting.

* * *

The physical constitution needs something to resist. Muscles need something of opposition to deal with. A muscle that is not exerted loses its power to function. An animal that seeks always for soft conditions of life withers and dies when driven into hard condtions.

Man thrives best where his bread is not handed to him from the trees and without exertion on his part, but where, on the contrary, he has to wrest it from the refractory soil by the sweat of his brow and the callouses on his hands.

It is similar with the spirit. The spirit of man makes most progress where it is obliged to exert itself daringly.

Man works harder, thinks more vitally, brings forth larger results, and lives in more eminent ways in those places which give the maximal opportunity for vigorous exertion and send forth an unceasing call to struggle.

Even the handicapped and obscure life can have outreaching value when it is so lived.

There is some way in which that handicapped and obscure life can increase the value of life for some other person. There is some kind of service that can be rendered, and always there is the realm of the spirit. The spirit can be made victorious.

The victorious spirit is the world's greatest possession. No man can help his fellow in a greater way than by showing him a victorious spirit and so inspiring and aiding hm to the cultivation of a victorious spirit in himself.

Life treats us well when it thrusts us into the struggle that leads to growth and triumph of the spirit.

Abundance of life can be dragged out of the apparent defeat of life. But abundant, true, increasing, greatly productive life is the fruit of the spirit's refusal to succumb and give way.—Winfred Rhoades in Advance.

Young People's Bible Reading

The Two Great Commandments

by BEREAN

For Sunday
Feb. 9, 1940.
Matt. 22:15-22, 34-40

PICTURE to yourselves the scene in the Temple Courts on the Tuesday of Holy Week. The chief priests and elders still pressing round the Lord trying to entrap Him by smart questions, or to lower Him in some way in the esteem of the multitude. Picture the crowd ever growing larger as others hear of the contest between Jesus and the priests. The people listen with tense interest as He quietly parries attack after attack and steadily in return administers thrust after thrust, each forcing His enemies into deeper confusion.

"And when they sought to lay hold on him, they feared the multitudes, because they took him for a prophet." (21:46)

"As He looked in their faces, and saw the look of murderous hate, and the attempt to sieze Him foiled by their fear of the mob, He turns on them with another stinging rebuke. And again in the form of a story." (Paterson Smyth)

It is the story of the Royal Marriage Feast. Did you ever notice how often our Lord's stories centre round parties and feasts and especially weddings? He always felt at home among people who were happy. Hope and joy flow from His heart into His teachings and especially into His stories. His people would not accept the happiness that God had provided for them. This is the teaching of the story. Primarily it was addressed to the leaders of His own nation, and its warnings were fulfilled forty years later.

It has had its application again and again in the history of nations and of individuals. God's invitations have been rejected and men and whole civilizations have in consequence blundered into trouble and suffering. "The Lord has looked down on many nations since, and on many Sunday Schools, and He has had to bear the pain of seeing this happen. I hope it will not be so here." (Paterson Smyth)

But God never despairs. It is often nations or individuals who seem most unlikely who are brought in from the highways of the world to light, happiness and peace.

"Tribute to Caesar"?

THE Pharisees were the patriotic party. Years before, an extreme Nationalist leader, Judas of Galilee, founder of the militant Zealots, held that God was the only King of Israel and that it was therefore unlawful to pay taxes to a foreign power. The Pharisees at heart agreed with him, as indeed did the mass of the Jewish people. The Herodians were adherents of Herod, and because it secured them in wealth and position, favored the Roman connection and all it involved. "These two opposite political parties, mutually hating each other, combine in unholy alliance to entrap Jesus." (Marshall)

"The plot had for its object to get from Jesus a pronouncement against the payment of the tax, which would compromise him with the civil authorities. If on the other hand, he should pronounce in favor of the tax, he would make himself unpopular with the people." (Box)

The tax in question was a direct levy upon every man and woman up to the age of 65. "It was paid into the Imperial exchequer, and for payment of it silver denarii were struck with an image of Caesar and superscription." (Box)

Note the hypocritical manner in which they address Jesus as if they were honestly seeking light on a difficult problem. What they said, though, was "a real tribute to the character of Jesus as it had impressed those who heard him." (Box)

"Is it lawful——?" The people press nearer to hear His answer. They are in sympathy with Him and must have detected the plot against Him but they cannot help Him. The situation is dramatic.

Jesus is not perturbed. He pierces through the disguise of his questioners. "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?" (Hypocrite—One who wears a mask, one who acts a part) "Show me the tribute money."

No one would have brought a heathen coin with Caesar's image into the temple; they would have to send out into the city to get one. The excitement grows. What will his answer be?

The messenger comes hurrying back with the coin and the crowd opens to let him into the centre. Jesus takes the penny and looks at it. "Whose is this image and superscription?" "Caesar's." "Then—Isn't that your answer? If it is Caesar's, let him have it!" "Render —give back—therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

The tense strain was broken. The people who favored Jesus must have been relieved. Indeed, I imagine they must have laughed as the hypocritical questioners retired crestfallen.

"Render—give back." The Rabbis are said to have had a maxim "He whose coin is current is king of the land." There is reason and logic here. The coinage is a symbol of Government. And the Roman Government, though it was faulty in many respects,

(Please Turn to Page 8.)

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

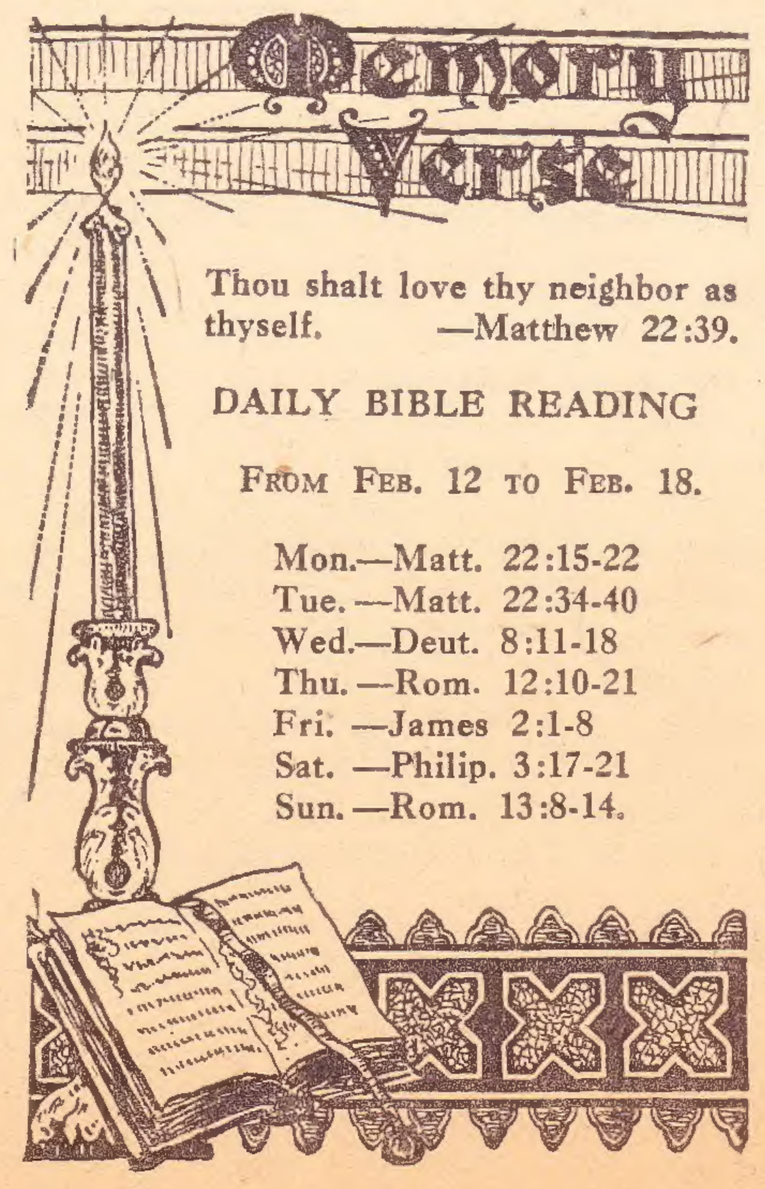
Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good"
So shall the wide earth seem our father's temple
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall, the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease:
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

—*John G. Whittier.*

* * *

And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also.—St. John.



The King Asks for Tea

After an R.A.F. inspection during his recent visit to France, the wind on the exposed aerodrome was bitterly cold and the King was offered a drink. He refused, but said that he would love a cup of tea. "But," he added laughing, "I do not suppose any one here has any China tea."

A Group-Captain, however, who had taken the parade, happened to share the King's liking for China tea and some was immediately brewed in the Squadron-Leader's billet.—Daily Telegraph.

Friends

TWO men sat together talking.

"You seem to be great friends!" I commented.

"Yes, we are," answered one of them, "and would you like to know why we're such friends? We met in a hospital in the last war. Both of us had almost identical wounds, and we were in beds next to one another. I was amazed that my friend got well so rapidly, while I continued to suffer and got along badly.

"I asked the doctor why it was. At first he gave me evasive answers. Then, pinning him to the question, he said: 'That man got well before you because the Spirit of God is not in your body, and it is in his!' That was a startling diagnosis, but it made me think.

"That night I asked for my friend, and said: 'How can a man get the Spirit of God in his body?' and my friend replied, 'By first having it in your heart!' I learned a great truth, soon got well, and we've faced all our troubles together ever since!"—Ex.

Darkness and Light

THINGS will not always be as they are today. But meanwhile between us and the dawn there lie the rain and the night—a night whose hours may prove to be both long and dread.

Yet even so it will remain our task to face their darkness as men who believe in what lies beyond the dark, and so to meet the challenge of the dark that we shall make surer the coming of the dawn. That is how God would have us face the dark.

By His appointment the dawn also will bring with it a challenge of its own. How we shall cope with that will depend largely upon how we have met the challenge of today.—N.S.W. Presbyterian.

The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon.—Wordsworth.

TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS

(Continued from Previous Page.)

was the best that the world up to then had known.

It policed land and sea. It maintained law and order on three continents. Under its protection and along its great roads Jewish traders could travel in peace and security from one end of the known world to the other. It accorded religious liberty and a great measure of civil liberty to its subject peoples. "Render unto Caesar"—Jesus wanted His people to realize the obligation they were under to this government.

"And unto God——" Here He lifts the whole argument to the highest and noblest level. He does not consider one department of life as Caesar's and the other as God's. If our whole life is God's our obligation to "Caesar" will fall into its appropriate and subordinate place.

Pharisees and Sadducees

THEN the Sadducees came with their silly story about the seven brothers. It does not come directly into our study. But note how Jesus showed that there were depths in their own Scriptures they did not understand. Here again He lifts the discussion into a higher atmosphere. "God is not the God of the dead but of the living: for all live unto Him." (Luke 20:38)

"And when the multitudes heard it they were astonished at his teaching." (R.V.) Luke tells us that "Certain of the scribes answering said, Master thou hast well said." All the scribes were not among His enemies. There were some honest-hearted men among them.

The Pharisees were pleased at the discomfiture of the Sadducees. The two sects normally were bitterly opposed to each other. The Sadducees were the priestly party, the temple party, the Pharisees might be called the Synagogue party. The great cleavage between the two sects was over the question of the future life. Luke tells us in The Acts that "the Sadducees say there is no resurrection, neither angel or spirit: but the Pharisees confess both."

They joined in opposition to Jesus. "One of them, a lawyer"—that is, a scribe or authority on the law, a "doctor of the Law." (Luke 5:17; Acts 5:34) "Tempted him." The word "tempt" means "to try." Mark (12:28-34) implies that this scribe asked the question honestly.

"The Great Commandment"

THE great commandment.—All the separate commandments of the ceremonial and moral Law had been classified by the Rabbis. Among the "great commandments" they placed some of the minutest points of ritual. They held that in all there were 613 precepts corresponding to the number of letters in the Decalogue. It was a favorite subject of debate, which of these "commandments" was the most important. (See also Luke 10:25-37)

All the Rabbis had not descended to this pitch of absurdity. They could hardly do so if they studied the prophets like Amos, Micah and Isaiah with any honesty and intelligence.

Our Lord pierces through all the maze of pettifogging rules to the true heart of the matter. He quotes from Deut. 6:45 repeated by every pious Israelite twice a day: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart. . ." and comments, "This is the first and great commandment." Then He goes on to speak of "a second like unto it." (Lev. 19:18) "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

This "second commandment" is quoted by St. Paul (Rom. 13:9, 10; Gal. 5:14) and called by St. James "the royal law." (Jas. 2:8)

Read the comment of the friendly scribe and our Lord's reply to him. (Mark 12:32-34)

"On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets" says our Lord. Here again are two duties so closely intertwined that we cannot neglect either without disaster. "What God hath joined let not man put asunder."

The "scribes" were not the first nor the last who sought to substitute what they called "religion" for the plain duty of God's commandments.

Our Lord requires no artificial virtue. The Christian is to be the best sort of citizen and the best sort of neighbor. If he fails in that he is so much less a Christian.

The Christian ideal accords with all that men everywhere, at their best, have recognized as the highest and noblest. In the highest sense of the word it is "natural", it is "human". It "fulfils" the Law and the Prophets. It is not so much that our Lord gives a new Law as that He gives will and strength to men in their measure "to walk even as He walked."

Questions

1. On what day did our Lord enter Jerusalem?
2. On what day did He "cleanse" the temple courts and heal and preach there?
3. On what day was He questioned by various groups of people?
4. What was the question asked by "the disciples of the Pharisees" and the Herodians?
5. What was His answer?
6. What did the lawyer ask Him?
7. What did He answer?

(For Answers please turn to Page 12.)

Collect as precious pearls the words of the wise and virtuous.—Abd-el-kader.

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job.

UNDER our present economic conditions it is difficult for the privileged, the specialist, the man in the secure position to make ends meet. It is more difficult, if not impossible, for the man of no training to find himself profitably employed in this modern age of competition.

Before the first fortnight was out Donald discovered that God had never called him to be a commercial traveller selling a specialty line.

True he gave dozens of demonstrations to eager housewives in the suburbs of Glasgow. It seemed that at every other house the lady was interested in vacuum-cleaners and had no objection to the demonstrator cleaning a carpet free of charge. Yet when it came to a suggested sale, signing along the dotted line, and so on, these same housewives became suddenly shy, though terms were reasonable; a minute proportion now and the remainder by instalments that would probably last longer than the carpet.

He estimated that during the first ten days he walked over a hundred miles, climbed two thousand steps a day, uttered his weary formula three hundred times, cleaned a hundred and fifty carpets, booked no orders. He wore out a pair of boots, had them soled and heeled, wrote down his losses for a fortnight's work as two pounds.

"It's a shame," Jean said fiercely, over the luncheon table where still they met every day. "It ought to be stopped—this working on a commission basis only. You see it in all the papers—men must be of good education, smart, with a flair for interviewing. Then they go and send you round the town as a free advertisement for their goods and pay you no wages in the bargain. They do well during a time of unemployment like this—poor wretches are willing to try their hand at anything."

"But I might sell five machines during one week," Donald told her hopefully.

She looked sceptical. "According to the advertisements some of your colleagues can earn anything up to a thousand a year. But they still go about with boots down at heel and frayed trousers. If it isn't a vacuum-cleaner, it's a soda-fountain, and if it isn't that it's a brush of some kind. Not only is it unfair competition to other traders, but it's degrading to a man's spirit. The laborer is worthy of his hire has always been my motto. It ought to be stopped." She could not help admiring him for his gallant stand against circumstances, but she was angry that he was thus exploited.

He said laughingly, anxious to make the best of things, that next week he would sell a dozen "just to show her." He did nothing of the sort, however. All he had to show for another seven days of labor was a blistered heel, a corn on his right big toe, and another item for shoe leather. Even he was beginning to lose heart. He gave it up as hopeless during the next week. Why should he go on being a free advertisement to a firm not prepared to pay wages? He might as well hawk wares on his own account. He came face to face for the first time, too, with the cruelty of modern competition. Wherever he went people either had a vacuum cleaner already or they were going to sample several more before deciding. Sometimes he would pay as many as a dozen visits to the same house, only to come away disappointed.

After that he became an unpaid representative for a London newspaper. He had to go from door to door seeking new subscribers. He was given each morning a certain quota for the day. In all weathers, and it rained more frequently in Glasgow he discovered than in Canada, he had to visit a given number of houses. If at close of day the number of new subscribers appearing upon his list was not imposing, he received sarcastic abuse from the man in charge. He found it even more degrading than hawking vacuum-cleaners—a shilling for each new subscriber was all he was paid in a city where families have read the same newspaper for years and have no intention of changing it simply because a man knocks at the door and asks.

He tried his hand at selling insurance, hawking writing-pads, silk stockings and books—the last resources of the unemployed not on relief. For a whole week he tried his hand at selling a New Dictionary of Sport—ten volumes—2/6 down and the balance in monthly instalments of 2/6 until the baby was going to school. Even such a tempting offer could not draw customers in a City where there was so little to spare for extras.

It was all very disheartening.

* * *

"THIS has got to stop," declared Jean emphatically one lunch hour, seeing how tired, how discouraged he looked. "You'll lose your soul if you go on like this."

He shrugged indifferently. "Strikes me I've lost it already. Is there any soul in modern industry? Can any man keep his head above water if he's out of the running of the regular and skilled? Cut-throat competition everywhere—breaking men's hearts—crushing their souls out of them. Old cynics were right—history is not the story of the development of man's finer nature, it's just a story of man's struggle for bread. Talk about good in everything—sermons in stones—I'd like some of those preachers to come out of their pulpits and see sermons in selling insurance and vacuum cleaners." It was a half-joke, but the laugh accompanying it was particularly hard this afternoon.

"I agree with you about history," Jean told him. "Some people explain all human movements as the over-ruling power of God. I've always been a materialist in regard to the story of mankind. But life to me becomes more problematic every day. The Shelter has been a great eye-opener. Even when you feed men you cannot win their friendship, and there seems to be no way of changing human nature. But you must set about doing something better. You've had a hard struggle and proved your worth. Now this is where I come in."

He listened amazed to Jean's suggestion. She had plenty of money. Why shouldn't he accept her help? She would set him up in a business of his own, give him the start he wanted. Wouldn't he allow her? If he chose he could regard it as her business for the time being and himself as the manager.

"It's very good of you," he said at the end. "But I'm as much a Scot as you. I feel that if I'm ever to do any good in life I must make my own way—stand on my own feet——"

"But you *would* be standing on your own feet, Donald."

"Yes, two feet on your money. It's very kind of you—but it's not our way in Canada—nor in Scotland." She looked so disappointed that he relented somewhat. "I know it sounds churlish. But we're an independent set, we Fairbairns. It drove my father to ruin—it makes your step-father a Pharisee—it

(Continued on Page 12.)

DEAR CHUMS,

Do you like to guess riddles? Do you often turn to Page 13 and gasp and giggle and pass on the posers to your friends who are not so lucky as to get the Messenger? How would you like to see there several riddles that you have enjoyed yourself? I'm sure each of you must know at least one good puzzler, maybe two or three. And I'm equally sure that you would be thrilled to share them with all the readers of the Messenger. If you don't know any, ask your older brother or sister or your Dad. They would be glad to help you collect riddles to send in to The Mail Bag so that you might have the pleasure of seeing them appear in print with your name given as the sender. Here's a chance to have a lot of fun and give your brains some work too. If you know a good riddle, send it in. If you can make a collection of six or eight or any number, write them out plainly and mark them "sent in by ——" and get them off to The Mail Bag as soon as you can. All those that are satisfactory will be printed on Page 13 under the heading, "Keep Your Wits Working." (Of course we couldn't print the same one twice if sent in by two different people.) Who will be the first person to send in some "puzzlers"?

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—I read the Northern Messenger weekly and I enjoy it very much. At Sunday School, I am in Bible Class. At School I'm in grade eight. I will be twelve on March 26th.

I have no brothers or sisters. For a pet I have a Persian cat. Her name is Fluffy.

The winters are quite cold here sometimes, there is good coasting and skating.

I shall promise to answer all letters, I hope I will get a great many letters. I would like to get letters from all parts of Canada. I remain, Your New Chum.—Sandra N. Buchanan, N. S.

——: (O) :——

To Marjorie McHanson
form Marjorie Burgess

Dear Marjorie;—Here is a pen pal for you. Have you any others? I have one Marjorie George also from Sask.

I am twelve years old and live on a farm in Ontario. My birthday is on February 23rd. I am in the same grade as you are. I have one brother and one sister both older than myself. I have dark brown hair and brown eyes.

We have a cat named Pussy Willow which has four kittens.

How many pupils go to your school? There are just nineteen going to ours. Only four boys and the rest girls. How far do you have to go to school? I have to go about two miles. I do not have anyone to go with until I get nearly to the school. There is just another girl and one boy in my class.

Wishing you the best of luck. Your pen pal,—Marjorie Burgess, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your Page, but I like reading the other letters so thought I would write too. We get the Messenger at our Sunday School.

I am eight years old and in Grade Five at school. My birthday is July 12. I have a little sister. She will be four in February.

For pets I have a cat called Mittens and a pair of chickens named Puff and Fluff. They are Japanese Silkies, pure white with a top-knot and an extra toe.

I got a lot of nice presents for Christmas, among them a watch, flashlight, three games and six books. Three of the books were Pinocchio, Black Beauty and Gulliver's Travels. I am very fond of reading.

If I have a twin, will they please write to me? From your new Chum, —George Whitney, Ont.

——: (O) :——

To Lumina Holmes from
Thelma Shaw

It was surprising to me when I saw a letter from you, Lumina. I get the Northern Messenger at Sunday School. I think you will be surprised when I tell you I live 206 miles west of Montreal. I think you would have plenty of exercise if you tried to cycle where I live. I live not far from the City of Belleville.

I do not go to school now as I have quit school since last Easter. I was in Grade VII trying my entrance for High School. We took Grade VII and VIII work together. The school is about half a mile away. They have repainted the school this year. It is cream in color. The School has two rooms. The boys' and girls' cloak-room has curtains on the windows which look funny. There are about 60 pupils going to the school. I will be 16 on the 20th of March. I have long auburn hair which I do in braids and cross at the back of my head. I have blue-gray eyes, am 5'2" tall and weight 125 lbs. I also wear glasses.

For hobbies I gathered all the Northern Messengers I could find and copied in a smooth line scribbler all riddles and games. I noticed the Chums' page had two pages, instead of one. Wouldn't you like to see that happen now? I would.

At Sunday School we learned Scripture reading from the Bible. There were three girls, my sister, a step-niece and myself, who got lovely books at the Sunday School Christmas tree which was on December 21. I will tell you more next time. Your pen-pal,—Thelma Shaw, Ont.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

THELMA SHAW

Honorable Mention

George Whitney

* *

An English Valentine

By Helen Marion Burnside

The little birds awaking
Amongst the ivy leaves
Their nests are making, making
Along the cosy eaves;

And in the tangled grasses
New buds and bells are born,
Meet gifts for laddies, lassies,
From true love's hands this morn.

True love, whose sweet beguiling
St. Valentine allows—
Oh maidens, smiling, smiling,
O'er lovers' gifts and vows,

May true love fail ye never;
For where its spell is flung
The heart for ever, ever,
Is strong, and glad and young.

—Girls' Own Paper.

Misunderstood

"I'm leaving, ma'am," announced the maid.

"But why, Mary?" asked the astonished mistress. "I can see no reason."

'I can't bear that young man who calls on Miss Ethel."

"But he dosen't call to see you," explained the mistress. "You've nothing to complain of."

"Oh, no," said Mary. "The neighbors might think he does!"

BILLY'S VALENTINE

(Continued from Page 5.)

upon the floor. She picked it up and read it.

Our Church Clock is 206 years old. It is just as old as George Washington. It says so on its insides. Ben Holt took me to the clock-tower. It says MADE IN FRANCE 1732 by Joseph Sorel. It is 77 years older than Abraham Lincoln. And 197 years older than me.—Billy Clayton.

Billy's mother looked up at the Church tower just across the road. She remembered about the Mother in the Gospels who lost her boy in Jerusalem, and "sought Him sorrowing," just as she was seeking her boy Billy.

* * *

If Billy's mother had only known, when she was looking at the Church tower, her eyes were on the very place where her boy was a prisoner.

* * *

On Monday moring Billy had planned to get a better look at the Church clock. Looking at it could not hurt it. And so while Ben was busy winding the great clock at 1.30., he crept up the stairs, and hid in the cupboard, until the old man had gone.

Then he was alone in the Tower. He opened the big metal door that shut in the clock's works, and watched the restless wheels till his eyes ached. Somehow it wasn't as much fun as he had expected. And the "Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" had a scolding sound. He soon decided he had had enough of it. He would run along to Eric's skating party.

But the tower door seemed very hard to open. He pulled and pulled, but could not make it move. He looked carefully at the latch, to make sure he had raised it. Then he saw there was a big lock under it.

"Now I shall have to call Ben," he said to himself. "And will he be mad with me! It is lucky he has to sweep the path just below the tower. Ben! Say, Ben!"

There was no answer.

"Ben! BEN! BEN!" he called louder and louder.

All he heard in reply was "Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" The horrid old clock seemed to be trying to shout him down.

He could not make himself heard. Two heavy doors and a long, long stairway between him and all the world! And Ben would not come again to wind the clock for a whole week. He must escape, or he would starve.

He brought a box from the cupboard disturbing a family of mice behind it. Standing on the box he looked out one of the loopholes. Strong old ivy vines covered the tower, but he could not squeeze through that narrow opening to climb down. Yet, he must escape somehow.

He was sure he had paced back and forth for hours. But how could he think with that "Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" driving him crazy?

"Oh, shut up, clock!" he shouted at last.

Of course the clock did not shut up. Instead, snow began to drift in at the loopholes, and it was fast growing dark.

An electric bulb hung from the ceiling. He would turn the light on. Why didn't he think of that before? Of

course the light would shine through these openings, and someone would see it.

He looked for the switch, but could find it nowhere. Then he remembered Ben had turned the light on before opening the door on Saturday. The switch was outside. He was alone in the dark with that scolding old clock.

* * * *

VERY soon he was cold and hungry, too. How he longed for a bit of that mince pie mother had made for a holiday treat. And he was frightened. No one would think to look for him in the clock-tower.

Then he remembered God knew where he was. He knelt down and begged to be forgiven for coming to the tower when he knew he was doing wrong.

"And, please, our Father who art in heaven, please, dear Jesus," he cried, "oh, please, help someone to find me."

Then he said all the prayers he knew. He even sang two hymns, and finished with the little prayer mother said for Baby Lawrence, as she held his tiny hands together, when he went to bed:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

For a while he sat in the cupboard, to have the mice for company. To shut out the noise of the clock, he pulled his sweater up over his ears. Then he pulled it down again in a great hurry, lest he should shut out some voice calling him.

Sometimes he slept, but the clock booming out the hours always awakened him. It was early morning when a plan flashed into his mind. He had Miss Elsie's valentine in his pocket. He had a bit of string, too. As soon as it was light he would write a message on the pink envelope, tie it to a broom there was in the cupboard, and throw it out the loophole. The broom would slide down the roof to the path, and soon be found.

The clock had struck seven before Billy shot the broom through the narrow opening. He saw it fall on the roof. It slid a little way, banking the snow as it went. When it had gathered quite a big wedge, it stopped—

Billy knew his message would soon be hidden by the falling snow. He fell back against the wall in despair, his eyes fixed on that loophole, through which his great hope had disappeared.

Very soon in that narrow opening he saw the face of Susie! He could scarcely believe his own eyes, though he had often seen the cat climb the ivy vines.

No doubt she was after the mice in the cupboard. Would she go in there now? Billy held his breath while she hesitated. She looked into the tower, then she looked out. She even waited to wash her face before making up her mind.

Then suddenly she dashed into the cupboard, and Billy slammed the door.

He must write his message now on his precious valentine, and fasten it to Susie's neck with his tie.

"I am in the clock tower starving. Billy."

That was soon written. Then Billy opened the door, and caught Susie by the neck. She had a mouse in her mouth, but soon let it go, as she turned to fight Billy with her teeth and claws.

"I won't hurt you, Susie," he cried, struggling to knot the tie securely. "I will never frighten you again. Never! Never! Never!"

At last he freed her, and she was gone like a streak of lightening.

* * *

SOME time later Ben Holt saw Susie with Billy's tie around her neck But Susie did not mean to be caught twice in one morning. Beside losing a nice fat mouse, there was a nasty paper scratching her ear, and she could not tear it off. She lashed her tail, and ran away from Ben.

But Carol soon coaxed her to come for her bread and milk, and while she was eating, she let her little friend set her free.

The next instant Carol ran into the house with Billy's tie. And there stood father. He had heard over the radio that Billy was missing, and had dashed home by airplane.

Father soon untied the hard knot that held the valentine and its message. Then he snatched the Church keys from Ben, and ran across the road to the clock-tower.

"Here is your boy, mother," he said,

(Please Turn to Page 12.)

Co-operate with your Choir Leader

By JOSEPH BLAIR

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the hardest jobs in the church is that of choir director. In the smaller churches the position usually pays nothing; it is a labor of love, yet directors serve willingly, even eagerly, giving freely of their time to provide beautiful music for regular services and special occasions.

The person who hasn't tried to direct a choir, either senior or junior, has little idea how much trouble the leader encounters through lack of co-operation on the part of members. Absences cause much grief, particularly when the singer who stays away is a soloist.

Sometimes such absentees do not have bona-fide excuses; they stay away from practice for no good reason, thus working a great hardship on the leader. The latter, of course, must be present every time regardless of how badly he or she may wish to do something else on that particular night.

And when a cantata or other special music is in process of preparation, every-night practice is the rule before the treat is to be given. This takes a staggering amount of the director's time. But he or she doesn't complain; he is willing to serve, but he does appreciate full co-operation on the part of the members. He makes sacrifices to be there; is it no more than right that singers do the same?

From time to time petty jealousies spring up among members of the choir. Some think that the director favors certain singers, giving them better parts. Rarely is this the case, however.

Choir directors are in the main, eminently fair, delegating the different solo parts to the persons who in their estimation are best qualified to handle them. The director simply cannot afford to be unfair or show bias. In the interest of the organization he must be fair and square.

Co-operate with your choir leader!

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 9.)

makes me—well—an obstinate mule, maybe, but I've determined to win through on my own. I didn't mind making use of any influence you might have, but I'm not accepting your money."

"I shall keep on with you until you do——" She looked at him keenly. "It will be such a long time until——" Her eyes dropped. "Until you're settled," she concluded hastily.

Donald knew what she had been going to say and it cut him to the quick. It was more than ever difficult to refuse her after that. But what would she think of him if he climbed to security on the shoulders of a woman? That was not his way.

Next day when Jean came to Cranston's he was not there. He failed to put in an appearance the next day after. Alarmed, she went to his lodgings. He had moved without leaving an address.

* * *

If we were to analyze his character, we might say Donald Fairbairn was obstinate, dogged, foolishly proud, absurdly independent on account of the accident of his birth and upbringing. We might be inclined to make his birth and upbringing accountable for everything about him. Circumstances, undoubtedly, had been difficult for Donald, but they could not account entirely for all that followed. As the basin determines the shape of the liquid poured into it independent of the quality of the liquid, so circumstances determine the mode of life without necessarily determining its quality.

It is always a handicap to start life without God. Men talk about their lack of opportunity, never realizing that the greatest handicap of all is to leave Him out of account.

This is just what Donald did now.

Despite his love to Jean, despite his determination to win through, he began slowly to go to the Devil.

(To Be Continued.)

BILLY'S VALENTINE

(Continued from Page 11.)

when he returned with Billy. "A bath and breakfast will make him as good as new, or perhaps a better boy than he was before. He tells me he promised Susie in the tower that he will never torment her again."

After some of the excitement of Billy's return had passed, Carol asked, "Did you really speak to Susie this morning in the tower, brother?"

"Surely I did. Don't you know she saved me from starving to death, Carol? Mother, may Susie belong to us now? We can't let her be a beggar cat any longer, can we?"

"We will gladly give her a home, son," said mother. "We are all so grateful—"

There Carol interrupted.

"Susie was the first lady Billy saw or spoke to this morning. And he gave her his valentine," she laughed, clapping her hands. "This is St. Valentine's day, and Susie is Billy's Valentine."

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. "The first day of the week" (Palm Sunday).
2. Monday.
3. Tuesday.
4. "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar or not?"
5. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."
6. "Which is the great commandment in the law?"
7. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and the second . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

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Keep your WITS WORKING

BIBLE PUZZLE

Correct the following statements

1. Cain was killed by Abel.
2. David was put in an ark of bulrushes.
3. Daniel killed Goliath.
4. Moses was thrown into a fiery furnace.
5. The three sons of Noah were Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego.
6. Ahab was King of Judah.

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in shave. It isn't in cut.
My 2nd's in apple. It isn't in nut.
My 3ar is in ink. It isn't in pen.
My 4th is in now. It's also in then.
My 5th is in auto. It isn't in sled.
My 6th is in mauve. It isn't in red.
My 7th's in carriage. It's also in cab.
My 8th is in lobster. It isn't in crab.
My 9th is in egg. It's also in meat.
My 10th is in navy. It isn't in fleet.
My 11th's in bought. It isn't in sold.
My 12th is in miser. It isn't in gold.
My 13th's in narrow. It isn't in wide.
My 14th's in skate. It's also in slide.
My 15th's in sunshine. It isn't in light.
My 16th's in day. It isn't in night.
My 17th's in rain. It isn't in shower.
My 18th's in daisy. It isn't in flower.
My whole is a * * * with observances * * * * * *

You know—It's named after a good-natured * * * * * *

GAMES

SQUIRREL AND NUTS

Players in long row seated, with eyes shut, right hand out palm up, one the squirrel, goes gently down the line. When he drops a nut (any small object) into a players hand the latter chases him. If caught before he reaches his nest they change places.

SHARP EARS

Circle. Player in centre with eyes closed or blindfolded. Leader points to any player who must whisper name of the one in centre. Latter to guess who is the whisperer. If correct whisperer goes to centre.

MORE OLD RIDDLES

1. Why was Uncle Tom's Cabin not written by hand?
2. What is the difference between a person late for the train and the principal of a girl's high school?
3. John went out with his dog. It didn't go before him nor behind him nor on one side of him. Where did it go?
4. Why is a watch like a river?
5. What time of day was Adam born?
6. Why should we dislike the letter A?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Scrambled Cities—Helsingfors, Stockholm, Oslo, Copenhagen, Brussels, The Hague.

Shipping in the Bible.—1. King Solomon. (1 Kings 9:26); 2. Those of Hiram, king of Tyre (1 Kings 9:27); 3. Tyre (Ezekiel 27); 4. Jonah (1:3); 5. Isaiah (60:8); 6. Paul (Acts 27:6).

More Old Riddles.—1. Too wise you are, too wise you be, I see you are to wise for me. 2. Because there is "a" difference. 3. The goat turned to butt her (butter) and she became a "scarlet runner". 4. When he is a shaving. 5. Noah. He took Ham into the Ark. 6. Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

Still More Bible Trees.—1. Green, dry. (Ezekiel 17:24). 2. Palm (Deut. 34:3; Jodg. 1:16). 3. Willows (Psa. 137:2). 4. The Mustard seen (Mark 4:31). 5. Isaiah 55:12). 6. The tree of life (Rev. 22:2). 7. "The healing of the nations" (Rev. 22:2).

Gasps and Giggles

Why is a dog's tail like a very old man? It is because it is in firm. Why is a starved dog like a philosopher—or, if you want to make it harder, like Rodin's masterpiece. It is because it is a thinker. (thin cur)

Scriptural riddles are always popular, and only the erudite will be able to tell you who is the first man to be named in the Bible. Those who think "Adam" 'is the answer err, for Chap. One is mentioned before him. Probably, if you have a very smart bairn in your family, you will get the correct reply to a question about the fruit that Noah took with him in the ark. He had lots of preserved pairs.

After that, if I dare make a suggestion, you should pretend to sneeze, and then say, "That reminds me. Why is a sneeze like Niagara?" None will know until you impart the information that it is because it is a catarrh act. Their thoughts being now on water you can fitly proceed with an enquiry as to when water is most likely to escape. It is when it is only half-tide.

As you have already given some evidence of having a cold a cough is now advisable, to give you excuse for asking why nobody should go to church with a cough. The answer to that is that coughers disturb the rest of the congregation. There is a *double entendre* there, as I hope you have noticed. Don't let your audience miss it.

Finally you can ask why a burglar in a bedroom is always an honest man, and why a small Negro is like a white man; the answers being that one is above doing a wrong action, and that the other is not a tall black. Then, as an encore, if you get one, you can tell of the Englishman, the Scot and the Jew who were out one day with only one umbrella between them, and ask which of them got wet first. It is hardly a fair riddle, but if you answer, when it is given up, "None, for it wasn't raining," you will get some laughter, and that will be what you are after.—Methodist Recorder.

"Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.
Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun',
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer foggy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom."

—Sam Walter Foss.

HOW TO OPEN A NEW BOOK

HOLD the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front cover down, then the other. Open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times, and you will obtain the best results.

If you open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place, you will probably break the back and loosen the leaves. Never force the back of the book.

A few drops of fine oil on cotton, brushed lightly over a leather cover about once a year, will preserve it from the consuming effects of mould and damp.—A. B. S.

Visitor (to Indian chief in reservation)—Chief, can you tell me where I can buy some good Indian beadwork?

Chief—I got mine from a mail order house in Chicago.

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PATENTS

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THAT HUMBLE TURNIP

By Betty Barclay

THE turnip is a humble little vegetable with a flavor all its own—a flavor that some do not care for but many delight in. Plain mashed turnips appear regularly on thousands of tables and never seem to lose their charm.

But here are a couple of receipes that call for the humble turnip and allow it to step up a few rungs on the ladder of fame. Try them, ye turnip users, and you will have new ways to use your surplus turnips.

Turnips in Cream

8 turnips
2 cups milk
4 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper

Pare the turnips, cut them in small pieces, cook until tender. Make a white sauce of the flour, fat, milk and seasonings. Pour sauce over turnips and serve.

Turnip Shells or Cups

6 large turnips
Salt

Pare and remove the centers of the turnips, leaving a cup one-half inch in thickness. Cook shells in boiling water until tender. Just before cooking is completed, add the salt. Cook the centers in the same way and use for stuffing cups or serve as mashed turnips.

The turnip cups may be used as cases for creamed or buttered peas, beets, carrots, or any suitable vegetable or meat.

A delightful simple menu for Sunday night: Hot bacon and cheese sandwiches, fruit salad with whipped cream, brownies and hot coffee. Everything but the coffee can be prepared beforehand. For example, the sandwiches can be made ready for broiling ahead of time and placed in the refrigerator, together with the fruit salad. There these foods will keep fresh and palatable until Sunday night supper-time.

Not Afraid of the Dark

By EDITH BRANDIS

WHEN my little girl, Louisa, was four years old, she began to be afraid to be left alone on a dark room, and getting her to sleep became a problem. I tried a dozen ways of meeting the situation, such as sitting by her until she went to sleep, reassuring her as to the dark being friendly. Talking did no good, and of course I could not continue to sit beside her and wait for her to go to sleep.

Very early, Louisa had shown herself to be a lover of beauty. Like most children she loved to sit in front of the wood fire and watch its blaze. She loved color. Her reaction toward the color, purple, was something in the nature of ecstacy. I have heard her exclaim when she saw a bed of flowers, "Oh, purple, purple, purple!"

One day it dawned upon me that if I could connect her love of color with ideas about finding beauty in the dark, it might solve my problem which had become really serious. I cast about for a practical way of doing this.

One night, when she was ready for bed, I lit a candle on the mantel and told her it was to be her goodnight light. We sat in front of the hearth, for the last few moments of a story, then I told her to look closely at the candle for a moment. It was a small candle, so the light was not too bright for her eyes.

"What do you see?" I asked her.

"I see a light. A very little light."

"Now, shut your eyes. What do you see?"

"I see a light. A very little light."

"The candle light didn't go away when you shut your eyes."

"No. It's still there."

We experimented with the candle light for a few minutes, as I knew that looking steadily at the small flame would have a tendency to make her sleepy. Before we left the room I placed the candle where she could see it through her bedroom doorway. Then we crossed the hall, and she slipped at once into her little bed. I told her to look steadily at the candle which she did for a moment or two, then she lay down and began to watch her "own little candle", as she called it then and after.

I sat quietly for a few moments, and when I stooped above her pillow, I found her fast asleep. After that she called it, "Making my own light!" and we had no further trouble about leaving her in the dark. She really wasn't, she thought, in the dark.

I bought an attractive candlestick and some tiny candles for her use. These were always kept on the tall chiffonier in her room. I saw to it that she gazed hard at the candle for a moment or two, each night after climbing into bed, then I blew it out and came away. The little flame, that persistence of vision showed her, did the rest.

One might use a small electric light bulb, instead of a candle, for a child who does not go to sleep easily, being very careful that the light is not too bright. He should be allowed to look at it steadily and "make" his "own pretty light", thus connecting his ideas of the beauty of light with something he had not discovered in darkness.

It's very important that the mother should indulge in no emotions over such childish problems. That is exactly what they are, problems, to be solved in the best way possible. An impersonal attitude toward them coupled with study of the child's difficulty will usually reveal the solution.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Wild oats mean bitter bread.

Character is an atmosphere rather than a sum of qualities. It is revealed in crises.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Gloomy cares will be made less by song.—Horace.

Interlude

When I am weary of the strain of life,
And feel the littleness of one small soul,
So futile in its struggle for a place
Beneath the sun;
I like to draw away from family, work and town,
And go where I can contemplate a field of waving wheat,
And see what, multiplied by many thousand more,
One tiny seed has done!

—Margaret A. Bartlett, in *Seed World*.

Household Hints

A slow oven is from 250 to 350 degrees; moderate oven, 350 to 400; quick or hot oven, 400 to 450; and a very hot oven runs from 450 to 550 degrees.

Too much liquid will make a cake that falls easily.

A garment that is stained should not be pressed. The iron's heat sets the spot.

Northern Messenger

FEBRUARY 9, 1940.

WHY DOES NOT GOD STOP THE WAR?

IF God were to alter men's minds so completely as to make them really want the peace of God on earth it would be virtually making them over. And most of us do not want to be made over. Most of us want to be good in our own way, work out our own theories and follow our own standards—which may be very good standards too—but we are very quick to resent being interfered with.

The thing which has distinguished mankind from the rest of creation has been this gift of free will. We are free to choose our own course. And as long as even a percentage of people use their free will selfishly the consequences of that selfishness will fall on the human race. The innocent will suffer with the guilty and those who are only partly to blame will share in bearing the cost. When one member of a family robs a bank, the whole family suffers from the humiliation and distress that follows. In much the same way, when part of the world family breaks a law of God the whole world family suffers. And God, whose will for the world was that it should be law-abiding, upright, pure, inspired by Him to constructive progress, looks down and sees the suffering and is infinitely more distressed than we are.

He who loved the world so much that He was willing to give Himself to die on the Cross for it, has continued thus to watch over us patiently, lovingly, forbearingly for nearly twenty centuries. This eternal patience of God is far beyond our understanding. Certainly we cannot doubt that He is conscious of all the misery and pain that goes on in the world and that He suffers with His people in their troubles. Certainly He is upholding those who trust in Him. And His love is shielding and protecting many sufferers much more than we know.

Perhaps if the newspapers headlined horrors less we should see more of the helping Hand of God in these days. Major-General the Earl of Athlone, uncle of our King, said recently in a broadcast to the Empire:

"Amid the failure of human wisdom there is still one Supreme Source from Whom all can draw new power, new hope, new illumination. God speaks directly to the heart of every man and woman who is prepared to listen and obey."

A Christian sailor on rescue duty battling against fear and resentment found strength in communion with God and wrote home: "In the middle of my fear I thought of you, Mother, and prayed for mothers who wouldn't see their sons again. Fear completely left me."

Shortly afterwards this sailor learned that his brother, whom he had believed lost on the torpedoed 'Royal Sceptre' had landed safely in South America.

* * *

WE have barely touched upon the possibilities in answer to the question, "Why doesn't God stop the war?" Since He appears generally to use people for the carrying out of His plans we may humbly suppose that He would work through people to stop the war if they were willing to respond to His leading and that He would do so immediately. We have to consider how completely and dynamically the hearts and minds of people would have to be transformed.

Indeed the whole world would be obliged to undergo a change of heart.

It would call for tremendous heroism, for tremendous sacrifice of ambition, pride and possessions. It would be the greatest revolution that has ever taken place in the world.

But even such a revolution is not in the least impossible to God. The question is, Will man co-operate with God enough and fast enough to bring it about?

"MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS BIBLE"

HERR HITLER at a big meeting in Berlin referred tauntingly to "old Mr. Chamberlain and his Bible." Many a true word is spoken in scorn. The four hundred years during which the British people have had the Bible in their own tongue have been the greatest in the nation's history. It was the Bible that nerved Britain in her struggle with Spain in the 16th century and that overthrew tyranny within her own borders a century later. The Bible has moulded British literature. It has inspired statesmen and philanthropists. It has strengthened humble men and women for the battle of life.

Britain is not perfect. Those who love her best realize this. The Bible is a "plumb line" which unsparingly tests national and individual life and character. But in their imperfect way our people and our Empire have to a very large degree ruled themselves by the teaching of the Bible. Certainly in standing for international decency and honor they are in line with the precepts of the Book. Herr Hitler could not have given Mr. Chamberlain a nobler testimonial than by linking his name with "his Bible."

The Trust of Trial

YOU may assure your soul, when you are marching forward into the darkness of some valley of the shadow of death, that God would never have set you to face that trial unless He had known that you could master it. Life is often difficult: it is never impossible for the man that has to live it. If the trial be very sore, if it shake your strength and strain your patience almost to breaking-point, if the agony of conflict surprise you, then that only shows that you are stronger than you took yourself to be. Had you been unfit for it, this post of danger would never have been assigned to you. Your God has gauged your powers of resistance with exact knowledge, and the duty He shall set you will always be well within the limits of these powers.

—John Kelman

THE OUTLOOK

By LORD SOMERS,
Deputy Chief Scout

IN answer to some letters I have received, I am tempted to try and explain my own personal point of view—so here goes.

"Is your faith shattered by the disaster that has overtaken this world of ours?" "Are you beginning to doubt the Goodness of God?" "Are you blaming Him for allowing this to happen?" "Are you feeling embittered, and wondering if your beliefs and faith are unfounded?"

Let us consider these questions in the light of history and what I believe to be the Christian View. I must write as a professing Christian, and cannot presume to write from the point of view of the many other religions that are represented in our Scout family.

We pray daily—as we are taught by the Gospels, "Thy Kingdom come on Earth." Doesn't the effort to obtain this ideal imply a great struggle on our part? In the process of reaching this blissful state, have not the forces of Evil to be fought against and gradually eradicated?

This petition, common to many religions, and voiced throughout the world in many tongues, has a universal significance, and surely indicates that all are equally responsible for the effort to bring it about.

All world wars are of man's making and are the result of a state of mind directly contrary to the will of God, as interpreted by the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ; but it seems that mere abstention from fighting will not alter that state of mind, but that, recognizing our own personal and national shortcomings, we must be ready to fight against the greater Evils represented by the teachings of Anti-Christ.

I do believe the world has progressed towards the fulfilment of our prayer, and in God's good time will surely reach that fulfilment, but I also believe that if this challenge from Anti-Christ is not met firmly and vigorously, this progress will be nullified and the world will revert to that state of barbarism and heathendom from which, by many centuries of devoted labor, it has emerged.—From *The Scout Leader*.

The annual loss through forest fires in Canada amounts to approximately one dollar for each man, woman and child in the Dominion. The average annual forest-fire loss in Canada over a ten-year period was $10,061,001. According to the Canadian Forestry Association, Canada normally has 5,000 forest fires in one part or another of the forest lands in the country to contend with and nine out of ten of these fires are due more or less to human carelessness.

The King Graciously Responds To an Appeal for Gold

THE KING has been graciously pleased to give his support to the St. Dunstan's Gold Appeal by sending a little gold box. The gift, which stands about four inches high by six by four, is mounted on four lions' paws, and is elaborately engraved with a floral design; the whole is a beautiful example of the goldsmith's craftsmanship.

HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE VI

Many distinguished people, including the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Macmillan, and Mr. Oliver Stanley, have also sent their gifts. The treasure received at St. Dunstan's includes pencils, watches, jewelry of all kinds and even heirlooms.

Captain Sir Ian Fraser, Chairman of St. Dunstan's, issued the appeal saying that the gold would help the country and the money realized from its smelting and sale would help St. Dunstan's.

St. Dunstan's new work as a war hospital had begun. Already two cases, one from the Army in France and the other from the Navy, had entered the Hospital and were under treatment.

* * *

His Majesty the King and the Queen have for many years evinced a close interest in the work of St. Dunstan's. As Duke and Duchess of York they paid a visit to the Headquarters in Regent's Park, in 1923, when the King unveiled a memorial portrait to the Founder, the late Sir Arthur Pearson.

Queen Mary also takes a great interest in St. Dunstan's. Her Majesty paid a surprise visit recently to the Headquarters at Regent's Park, London, when she saw the organization in its ordinary day-to-day setting.

Note.—St. Dunstan's (London, Eng.) is the great hospital for the blind and for the treatment of eye troubles. It was founded by the late Sir Arthur Pearson, the blind publisher. (Editor, Messenger.)

THE SUBMARINE

(Continued from Page 2.)

the secret of that tower." Then turning to Angus, "Come, we'll see the end of this. But first get into some dry clothes." McClintock provided Angus with a full coastguard's rig-out.

It was almost dark when coming out of the Station, Angus found the men under arms. McClintock took his party overland to the Tower, while Macdonald took Angus with him in the boat. He told him that they had wirelessed to the destroyer to send in a further force in boats.

The tide had fallen when they reached the Head. They pulled their boat up on the shore near where Angus had landed after his swim. Then, leaving two bitterly disappointed men to guard the boat, the rest of the sailors, —each man with his revolver in a water-tight case, — slipped into the water after Angus and Macdonald. Diving, they entered the cave and found me a rather woe-begone object on my rock. I had wrung the water out of my clothes and slipped some of them on, but they were still wet and horribly cold.

The submarine still lay at her wharf. As we got near her, there was a challenge from her deck. Commander Macdonald's torch snapped on. "Up with your hands!" he called in German. The guard on the U-boat obeyed. He was disarmed and the British immediately took possession.

There was a clatter on the stair above, but it was so narrow that those descending could only come one at a time. The first to appear was "the new Mr. Macdonald."

"You are my prisoner, Hermann," said Commander Macdonald. "Oh! I know what you are going to say—that we are not at war. But you know as well as I do that we shall be at war within a few hours.

"Meanwhile, as I have a police warrant here I arrest you all for trespassing on my property—and invite you all to supper at the Coast Guard Station.

"I am sure my friend McClintock will treat you well—and that your friends will have better quarters than on their U-boat.

"Well, Hermann, it must be at least thirty years since we were young fellows together in Halifax, Nova Scotia. You remembered my yarn about my Jacobite ancestor—you see, I remembered it also."

* * *

Angus and I are now in His Majesty's Navy, both serving under Commander Macdonald. We often talk about the strange chances that led us that day to the cave and to the submarine.